



Great Things in the Clothes Line.

THEAT is the stock at the Great Brown Hall. Of the finest clothes for the present Fall. **ROCKHILL & WILSON** continue to keep the best of clothing, wonderful cheap. **EXCELLENT**, elegant, extra clothes. As each of our customers thoroughly knows. **ALL** our best citizens come, this Fall. And buy their clothes at the Great Brown Hall. **T**ELL your relations and neighbors, all. How cheap you buy at the Great Brown Hall.

BROWN, and olive, and drab, and green. The richest shades that ever were seen. **READY-MADE** clothing, of style and taste. Or made to measure with prompt haste. **OVERCOATS**, stylish, and strong and stout. That will not bother by wearing out. **WHAT** can a gentleman wear, at all. (Hall. Better than clothes from the Great Brown Hall. **NONE** in the world so good or so cheap. **N**As the clothes which Rockhill & Wilson keep.

HALL filled full of magnificent piles. Of Fine Fall Clothes, of the richest styles. **ALL** the varieties now in store. And constantly adding more and more. **LONG** or short through our customers, be. We fit them exactly; come and see. **L**OWER than ever the prices, all. (Hall. Of the Goods we sell at the Great Brown Hall.

All Goods and True Men. Always invited. To buy their clothes at the Great Brown Hall of

ROCKHILL & WILSON,
603 & 605 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Nov. 6-3m

NEW STOVE, TIN, AND HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

THOMAS H. ROTHWELL'S NEW BUILDING,
North Side of Main Street, 4 Buildings West of Town Hall,
Middletown, Delaware.

Where he has constantly on hand, and is prepared to manufacture
ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE,
At Short Notice.

Particular attention paid to
ROOFING AND SPOUTING.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

STOVES.
THE NATIONAL, CONTINENTAL, ORIENTAL, CHARM, GEM, SUN,

LITTLE GIANT, BRILLIANT, Prize and the Victor Cook.
Orders will be received and promptly filled for any kind of Stove that may be ordered.

GALVANIZED RUSSIA AND SHEET IRON, ZINC, COAL HODS, SEIVES, POKERS, SHOVELS, TEA KETTLES, BAKE PANS, WAFFLE IRONS, SAD IRONS, BRASS & ENAMELLED PRESERVING KETTLES, ENAMELLED SAUCE PANS, TEA BELLS, JAPANESE CHAMBER BUCKETS, SPITTOONS, WAITERS, LANTERNS, FLOUR AND PEPPER BOXES, SAND CUPS, MATCH SAFES (Cast Iron), MOLASSES CUPS, PEACH CANS, (Soldered and Self-Sealing), PATENT CLOTHES FRAMES, &c. &c. &c.

Attention is respectfully called to our new
FAMILY & RESTAURANT STOVE
Which is especially adapted to stewing, frying, and broiling oysters.
No wood, no coal, no gas, no stove pipe, no ashes, no dirt, no wood boxes, no coal scuttles, no kindling wood, but a friction match, and the fire in full blast in half a minute, even hot in two minutes, steam boiled in seven minutes, bread baked in thirty minutes, the fire extinguished in a moment. It has no rival in all kinds of cooking, and in economy, convenience, neatness, safety and durability.
Please call and examine it in operation at
Thomas H. Rothwell's Stove Store,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Sole owner of the stove for the State.

Prompt attention to business, moderate prices, competent workmen, and a determination to please, may at all times be expected by those who may favor him with their custom.
Aug. 23-7
PRIME CRISFIELD OYSTERS!!
Throughout the season, in quantities to suit purchasers. Apply to
Oct. 9-3m **Charles Adams.**

Select Poetry.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of our delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent;
Why should you be afraid?
For cash this paid is money lent
At interest four-fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And on my word it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.

An old and quiet neighbor
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew two men as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no philologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the paper and his life
Is happier than a king's,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him;—"very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow from his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due;
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

Select Story.

THE BROKEN HOME.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

And yet, the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable.

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He was wretched.

He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was.

By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? thus haunted? thus hunted? he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seemed to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

"Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief!"

Noticing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

"Helen, Helen! where are you?"

Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

"I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You were dozing I think. I wished to send for the doctor!"

She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and earnestness of a sunny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.

"The doctor?" he echoed, half-ferociously.

"Yes, dear," she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!"

Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently: "The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased!" Oh, if these long

hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!"

"Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. "Let us appeal to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!"

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh.

"I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only down, down at the grave that is open before me!"

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment.

"Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid.

"During all these fourteen years of agony I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.' I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured: "Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!"

A knock resounded on a side-door at this juncture, and the next moment Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

"Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble?" You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate—"

"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?"

He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious, questioning glance.

"It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—"the anniversary of our loss."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "I remember."

"Yes, it's another of those terrible days," cried the banker, in a hollow whisper. "Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down."

Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.

"You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mr. Preble. "We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us."

"I remember it," said the doctor softly. "Yet might she not have been lost, Mr. Preble? She went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away—"

"So we thought for a whole year, doctor," interrupted the banker. "We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower-garden, and she pointed to the front of the house, 'as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again.'"

"She must have found the gate open, and wandered out," suggested Dr. Hutton. "She might have straggled down to the waters and been drowned."

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:

"I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her."

"A message?" cried Dr. Hutton, starting.

"A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised," said the banker. "Here it is."

He produced a dingy scrap of paper from a draw in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:

"August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!"

Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.

"I can make nothing of this," he declared. "It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing."

"Nor did it us, at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then that name and that date,

with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see."

He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:

"August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives."

The physician started as if electrified.

"Ah! this is something definite—something decisive," he muttered. "It convinced you that your daughter was still living."

"Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, "and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is what can be his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But, 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician.

Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry the first year is as follows:

"August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!"

And the next year it is—

"August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1857. She is in good hands!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1858. She is well as ever!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1859. I saw her yesterday!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1860. She is growing rapidly!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1861. She continues to do well!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1862. I've seen her again!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1863. She's becoming a woman!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1864. Your child is thirteen!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1865. She's lovelier than ever!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1866. She's really charming!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1867. My reward is at hand!"

And what shall we get to-day!

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife.

"How did these messages come to you?" he demanded.

"Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office."

"And you have never seen their author?"

"Never!"

"The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day!"

"Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868!"

"I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages!"

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy.

"We shall hear of her again to-day," said Mr. Preble; "and what will the message be?"

The mother averted her face. Her brave heart fluttered as that question echoed in her soul.

"The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child!" said Dr. Hutton. "Have you any suspicion as to his identity?"

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Preble. "We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is."

"Think," said the doctor. "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you knew in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?"

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself these questions repeatedly.

"I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner.

"And Mrs. Preble?" suggested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to dole out your home?"

"No," said the lady. "I was married early. Morton was my first lover!"

"This is strange—very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?"

"Not the slightest," declared the banker.

"Not the slightest," echoed Mrs. Preble. "My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!"

"The handwriting is not familiar?"

"No. It is merely a rude scrawl, as you see," said the banker. "It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised."

Again there was a profound silence.

"Our child is seventeen years old now,"

at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!"

"But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents.

"Where can she be?"

"Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior, with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!"

"Oh, pitying heaven!" sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. "Will this long agony never be over?"

"We hope so, and even believe so," answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unflinching trust in God's mercy. "The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change."

"True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his 'reward is at hand.' He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both."

"We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?"

The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.

"Whatever it is, let it come!" he murmured. "Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come! As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed.

"Another message!" breathed the banker.

A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:

"The bearer is in the hall."

With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive.

"It is from him!"

He tore the envelope open.

It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known handwriting, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.

This line was as follows:

"August 9, 1868. At six I will call!"

A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.

"Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around.

"Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also arising.

"It seems so," said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!"

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantelpiece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.

"It is he!"

As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened.

One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell to the floor.

Her senses had left her. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other newspaper in the world. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses.

One science only can one genius fit. So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Governor Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texas practice in training dogs with sheep:—"A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep, and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7 o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour."

What are the three degrees of comparison for a lawyer? First, he has to get on, then to get honor, then to get honest.

Well "posted"—The telegraph.

Select Poetry.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

You are tried things,
With invisible wings,
Needles and pins;
Common and mean,
Yet pointed and keen.
Useful allies to the cook or the queen,
Bright needles and pins.

Men have waxed with
For the want of ye both,
Needles and pins;
Women have railed,
Reddened and paled,
Furrowed and scolded till language has failed,
For needles and pins.

Heads rounded and bright,
Eyes single and light,
Needles and pins;
Ye have witnessed strange scenes,
Shorn blouses between
Working for angels and working for fiends,
Bright needles and pins.

The set of that fall
Is due to your skill,
Needles and pins;
The droop and the grace
Of your satin and lace,
And look of content on that young husband's face,
Oh! needles and pins.

Ye have hidden the rent
In the beggar's garment,
Needles and pins;
As ye've mended his tears,
So ye've lightened his cares,
Till again he has need of your aid and repairs,
Bright needles and pins.

But where do you go,
When your work's done, we'd know,
Needles and pins;
What nook do you find,
So secret and kind,
That a mortal no trace of your brightness can find,
Lost needles and pins?

Mit and Humor.

A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a mull, Berry; you have sent in your bill, Berry; before it is due, Berry. Your father, the elder, Berry; would not have been such a goose, Berry; but you need not look black, Berry; for I don't care a straw, Berry; and I shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night or rather early next morning, and said:

"Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark."

"Then you had a deuce of a father, you had," sneered the young prodigal.

Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated:

"I had a confounded sight better one than you, you young rascal."

"Parson, I had rather hear you preach," said a baffled, swindling horsejockey, "than see you interfere in bargains between man and man."

"Well," said the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you would have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" said the jockey.

"In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

Washington seldom indulged in a joke or sarcasm, but when he did he made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal Army, a member of Congress offered a resolution limiting it to three thousand men; to which Washington suggested an amendment, providing no enemy should ever invade the country with more than three thousand men. The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

An Irishman once said to another, "Ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" "Indade I have, and I'm not ashamed of it, either." "Sure and didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

An eminent electrician was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked him for his fare. "Who are you?" said B. "I'm your name is Wood; I am the conductor." "Oh," said the professor, very quietly, "that can't be, for wood is a non-conductor."

An old offender was lately introduced to a negro Justice of the Peace, in one of the reconstructed States, as John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two men first," said the thick-headed Justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."

Two Irishmen were put in prison—one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Mike," said the cow-stealer, one day, "what o'clock is it?" "Och, Pat, I hain't my watch handy, but I think it's about milkin' time."

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unprinted book? Ans.—Because he is a smooth bore.

Men of mark—Those who can't write their own names.

For a Gals.—As the season of colds and coughs is at hand we publish the following: Take a heaped spoonful of flax seed, put in a pint of water, cover it, and let it boil to a half pint. If the seeds do not settle to the bottom pour in a little more hot water, and stir well. Put in a tablespoonful of genuine vinegar, and as much brown sugar as you like, and take after getting into bed. It is a powerful sudorific, and cuts the phlegm. Avoid exposure next day.

In Cork, the orator of the court, anxious to disperse the crowd around the bar, exclaimed: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"

For the Middletown Transcript.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

A Lecture read before the Warwick Lyceum.

The beauties of Nature are beautiful and sublime to the eye, and the many curiosities which are formed in Nature are so astonishing to the human mind that it is almost an impossibility to illustrate, or even to imagine them. The beautiful landscapes present to the eye so lovely an appearance that the mind cannot conceive nor comprehend them; and the flowers which so beautifully decorate and garnish the earth, and send forth their sweet and delicious odors impress our thoughts more powerfully with the wisdom and goodness of their Creator. Nature is lovely through all her works, and the appreciative mind never tires of their contemplation. Who can describe the uncreated secrets of nature, whose visions are so sublime that they may envelop all hearts; her pureness is undefiled and brilliant as the moon beams that send forth rays of light to illumine the dark and weary hours of the silent night. Nature has endowed us with her exhaustless riches, which are manifest through all her mysterious works.

I could refer you to other wonders of nature, but for the present will only cite you to the magnificent structures of the mammoth cave in Kentucky, and the cave in Asia, which have been explored for miles, and the neat architecture which has been displayed upon their apses and the beautiful streams of water flowing through their channels and the variegated stories and stalactites glittering with dazzling brightness and sending forth picturesque features which for centuries have witnessed and set forth the mysterious works of nature.

Now let us pass to the consideration of the dead sea, in Asia, that mysterious body of water which is constantly receiving streams of flowing water, and its depth never varies one inch. Where this eye-flowing stream of water passes off at is a great mystery that cannot be comprehended by the most learned men of our day.

I could refer you to many other mysteries in nature if time would admit, but I am admonished to close, which I do with the following lines:

Fair scenes of Nature!
Gentle and sweet as thou art,
Gentle as the vernal breeze that bloom
In their grassy little cells.
Oh see their glittering blossoms,
How sweetly does their foliage look!

How sweetly has nature adorned them,
How sweetly has she enwrapped them
With a bright and heavenly hue,
In brightness she has clothed them
And watered with pearly dew.

Dr. Pump-maker, would state that his celebrated remedy has never failed to give satisfaction in curing old pumps of their maladies; that is, simply by pulling out the old one and placing now one in its stead. If this remedy is properly applied it will undoubtedly avoid all mauling, jerking and squeaking, completely.

Here wash-day comes, then he knows that the devil's to pay. Here comes the women stinging him like hornets on every side, quarrelling, fussing, and driving the dogs out of the kitchen, children hallowing and crying; so this is the way that wash-day goes on by neglecting the doctor's celebrated remedy, which if properly applied would unhesitatingly stop a stop to all such affairs. And here the wife comes, she is in a terrible uproar!—"Oh dear," she says, "every preparation has been made to wash to-day, and there is no water in the pump, and you have been lounging about all the week, chewing tobacco and making your clothes dirty like a hog, and have neglected to have the pump put in order, and when Sunday comes you expect us to have clean clothes for you to tend on!" All this is caused by neglecting the Doctor's remedy. If it was properly applied it would not doubt have proven satisfactory in both cases, not only in the pump, but it would have put a stop to this devil's play also.

Oh the ladies! I had nearly forgotten them! How pleasing are they in their youthful beauty, with their rosy cheeks and charming eyes, which attract us at every turn, when they appear in our presence.

I would also like to state that we had an old bachelor wedding a few nights ago in this town of Warwick. I never had my hopes raised so high in my life as I had on this occasion. I really imagined that they were flying like the transitory stars that dart through the heavens and disappear in the horizon.

I

The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1889.

Effects of the Low Price of Grain.

The low price of grain must necessarily affect, next spring, not only the price of labor, but everything which the farmer has to purchase—lime, phosphates, agricultural machinery, horses and mules, clover and timothy seed—everything, in fact, which enters into the consumption of the farm, or which supplies the farmer's needs. Grain is the basis of agricultural prosperity, the regulator of the prices of all other commodities dependent on grain. If the price of grain be low, the prices of all the articles which grain has to buy must be correspondingly low. The price of labor, next spring, will probably be lower than it has been since the war. Present rates must come down. Farmers cannot afford to pay them. Bankruptcy would stare them in the face, unless their expenses were reduced in a ratio corresponding with their diminished revenues. Labor and fertilizers are the two great leading expenditures of the agriculturist. Contracts for both will have to be made upon a scale much below that of former years. Manufacturers of fertilizers will have to look to a reduction in price, or greatly diminished sales. Farmers are debating the subject now, how far they can retrench in this particular, and manufacturers must have a due regard to the farmers' interests, or they may calculate to find their operations greatly circumscribed. The winter months have yet to pass, and all the parties concerned have ample time to consider those subjects, and come to proper conclusions. If gold continues to decline and specie payments are resumed, a reduction in the price of commodities of all kinds will have a compensating effect, and tend to balance the account more nearly between all the interests of society. Let us look forward hopefully to such a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Gold seems to have a downward tendency. We want to see it sink till it touches bottom. Then values would be more nearly equalized, and the laboring man and the salaried employee would be one-fourth better off than they are to-day. Gold gamblers and stock speculators would have less chance to make a fortune in a day, but all regular business pursuits would be vastly benefited by it, and trade and business would at once revive. A return to specie payments, after the financial crash of 1837, was effected with so much ease, that in business and financial circles, it afforded ground for surprise. Similar results would probably flow from a return to specie payments now.

THE INCOME TAX.—This tax, inquisitorial and obnoxious in its character, was levied as a war measure, but expires by limitation in 1870. It is said that an effort will be made by the next Congress to re-enact it; that the host of officers engaged in assessing and collecting it, will not willingly see their occupation come to an end, and as these active politicians will have considerable weight and influence with Congress, it is thought that that body may be disposed to legislate, in this instance, more in the interests of the officeholders than in the interests of the people, and re-enact the law.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—The Directors of the Queen Anne's and Kent Railroad in view of the fact that the Contractors have suspended work without cause, leaving a large amount of iron and other material unused, hands unpaid, &c. have declared the contract forfeited, and having employed Mr. Jennings Hood as temporary engineer, are now progressing with tracklaying to Sudlersville. To this point they expect soon to complete the road and place it in running order, after which they will proceed as rapidly as possible with the further construction of the road.

Mr. Lawrence M. Strong has been elected a rector in the Kent County Railroad Company in place of the late Dr. Ricard. The track of the road is laid nearly to Black's Cross Roads, and is expected to be finished to Kennedysville by the first of December.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.—Letters from Ohio, received in Washington, leave no room for doubt that the six independent members of the Legislature elected from the Cincinnati district have determined to act with the Democrats, which will give the latter the majority on joint ballot, thereby securing the rejection of the Fifteenth Amendment, and rendering Sherman's and Delano's pretensions to the United States Senatorial succession altogether abortive.

POST OFFICE CHANGES.—A new post office is established at Harbeson, Sussex County, and J. C. Thompson, appointed Postmaster. It is on the route from Georgetown to Lowes. A new office is also established at Cordova, Talbot county, Maryland, and A. W. P. Robinson appointed Postmaster; between Hillsborough and Easton. Name of office at the Head of Sassafras, Kent county, Md., is changed to Sassafras, and Thos. P. Davis retained as Postmaster. William V. Straughn has been appointed mail route messenger between Seaford, Del., and Cambridge, Md. This is new mail service.

Counterfeit Notes Offered for Sale.

The following letter, enclosing a well executed counterfeit fifty cent note, was received some days ago by a firm in Frederick City, Maryland. The circular explains itself:

Dear Sir:—Believing you to be a "true blue," we will introduce for your consideration a matter which will be the means of putting many thousands of dollars in your pocket in a very short time. We have on hand, ready for circulation, \$250,000 in \$1, \$2 and \$5 bills. They are the best counterfeits ever put on the market, and defy the Treasury experts themselves to detect them. They are of the same size as the genuine, are printed on first-class paper, are correctly numbered, and are so exceedingly well executed in every respect that they cannot possibly be detected even by the aid of a powerful microscope. We have them put up in packages of \$500 each. We will sell you \$500 of the \$1 or \$2 bills for \$100; \$1,000 for \$180. We will charge you \$500 per \$1,000 on the \$5 bills, as the engraving of the plate cost us considerably more than for the others. If you desire to feel before investing largely, we will send you \$500 upon the receipt of \$5, or \$10, whichever you see fit to send us, and you may send the balance by return mail or express, or we will wait until you arrive. Any railroad ticket agent will take them, because he cannot detect. Don't show more than \$50 at a time in a place. You can well afford to remit the balance in two hours, but we will give you plenty of time if you desire it. You may form some idea about the quality of our stock by reading the enclosed extract, cut from the Herald. The stock is in a safe place, and we defy the sharpest detectives in New York, unless you blow us up, which we know you will not do. Always send money by express or registered letter. We will do the same. The money will be lost in the mails, and everything will work harmoniously between us. If you prefer, we will send it by express, C. O. D. packed in such a way as not to excite the suspicion that it is money. Depend upon it, we are not engaged in this matter, and if you take hold of it in a proper manner, you can make \$200,000 before Christmas. We have taken every precaution in the execution of these notes to render you as safe as if you were handling good money, for better executed bills were never issued in the world. In case you should be indiscreet enough to let it be known to any one, don't mention where you saw it, or we have the reputation in New York of being men of good standing, and, therefore, we will never be suspected of dealing in counterfeit money. If you could manage to come on we could talk freely about the matter and make arrangements for a big business. If you come on, show this envelope to the man at the desk, and he will introduce you. Don't mention anything about counterfeit money, as he will pretend not to understand you. He will know what's up. We implore you not to betray us in case you are not inclined to join. State what denominations you wish, how much, and either destroy this or send it back.

Address plainly, 73 Nassau street, New York. P. S.—Depend upon it, as long as you are true to us you will never be out of funds.

Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

NEWARK, NOV. 24, 1889.

The Stockholders, Directors & Co. of the Newark and Avondale Rail Road met on the 23d ult. at the Deer Park Hotel, Newark, Delaware, the books were opened for additional subscriptions. Remarks were made by several gentlemen present upon the importance of this R. R. to Newark, &c. The Directors walked through the town, selecting the most suitable location for Depot, freight house, &c. The Pennsylvania Directors report a large portion of their end of the road graded and ready for the rails. This road will be assured by in working order by next September, supplying the entire Peninsula with lime and coal at greatly reduced rates. There is more importance attached to this road than the general public are aware of; it will when finished be the eastern outlet of the Pacific Rail Road, via Delaware and Junction and Breakwater Rail Road—thus connecting with a continuous rail the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. In confirmation of the foregoing see September 1870 issue of the Middletown Transcript for freight and Tariff rates, Pennsylvania and Delaware Rail Road.

The sale of Charles A. Murphy's stock took place as advertised, Nov. 22d. The prices realized were very satisfactory, net results about seven thousand dollars cash. Mr. Murphy is an energetic man, appreciating the value of printer's ink, and his sale verified the maxim of money well spent. More anon.

The Philadelphia Ledger's New York correspondent says the prediction a few weeks ago, that the prices of coal would be low, rather than higher, before the year was over, was fully verified at the monthly trade sale yesterday of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company. The prices realized show a marked falling off on every description, but particularly in grate and Chestnut. Compared with the results of the previous monthly sale, Grate averages \$3 12 1/2 per ton lower; Chestnut, \$1 74 1/2; egg, \$1 64 1/2; steamboat, \$1 22 1/2; lump, \$1 11 1/2; stove, 90c.

The Republican State Convention at Richmond adopted an address to Congress Thursday, setting forth that the election in Virginia was a Confederate triumph, achieved by intimidation and fraud, and asking Congress to order a new election, with the Constitution submitted as a whole (including the test oath and disfranchising clauses), and send a military force sufficient to protect Republicans in their rights, &c. A number of dissenting members withdrew from the Convention, and issued a call for a National Union Republican meeting Friday.

A secret investigation is now going on in the New York Custom House, for the purpose of tracing out a long series of frauds which, it is alleged, were committed under the last Administration, and in which a large number of New York merchants are said to be implicated.

Two trains collided on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, about 70 miles east of Erie, on Tuesday evening, and nine persons were injured. Both locomotives were smashed, and the baggage car was "tele-scoped" into the smoking car.

All the Dominican leaders are said to favor the annexation of the Island of Santo Domingo to the United States. The entire island can be purchased for \$2,000,000.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

NEW CASTLE COUNTY COURT.—We continue our abstract of the proceedings. Friday, Nov. 19th.—The witnesses in the case of the State vs. Joshua Jones and Lewis Jones, for committing a rape on the person of Mary Meredith, in New Castle, were discharged until Monday, Nov. 25th.

The jury in the case of State vs. J. Wesley Lloyd, charged with an attempt to commit an assault on Mrs. Wilhelm Beaton and her son, returned a verdict of not guilty. State vs. Joshua B. Campbell charged with assault and battery on John Manuff, verdict guilty, sentenced to pay a fine of \$50 and to be imprisoned one year.

SATURDAY.—The Grand Jury having passed upon all bills laid before them were discharged until Monday morning.

MONDAY.—The Court began the Civil List. Cases possessed no special interest.

TUESDAY.—The case of E. & C. Moore vs. James L. Heverly, Henry Todd and John W. Cullen, was resumed. The counsel for defendant, claiming no defense, the case was given to the jury, who returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs of \$467.76.

The suit of S. F. Shallock vs. Rufus Slicker, was called, and proceeded. Sprague for plaintiff, Whiteley for defendant. The suit was brought by the plaintiff on a warranty of defendant that a Jersey Blue Reaper and Mower sold to plaintiff in the spring of 1885, would do its work well, both in grass and grain; plaintiff giving his note for \$170 in payment for the machine, which he never did come up to the terms of the warranty, when it was returned to the accredited agent in Middletown, and suit brought to recover from defendant the \$170 paid for the machine. The case occupied nearly all day. It was given to the jury who returned a verdict in favor of plaintiff for \$100.

WEDNESDAY.—The case of Nathan E. Perkins vs. John Davidson, was called and proceeded with. Action was brought to recover \$83.80, the amount of a note given by Mr. Davidson to Perkins for 1200 peach trees furnished from his nursery in the spring of 1887. The note was proved by Davidson's plea of non consideration.

The evidence showed that in 1887 Mr. Perkins sold to Mr. Davidson 1200 peach trees, which were well packed and shipped to Delaware City in bundles of from 50 to 75; that they were received on the 5th of April, and on the 6th they were planted in the orchard; that on the 17th, 18th and 19th they were planted, and not one of them grew.

Mr. Davidson's witnesses testified that they were buried with the roots in the ground in bundles as they were received, but did not recollect whether the wrappings were taken off or not; they were planted afterwards as well as any peach trees could be.

Mr. C. H. Hotten testified that he was present when some of the trees were planted, and remarked that they were dead and not worth planting.

Charles E. Perkins testified that he helped to plant the trees, and that he saw them planted without taking off the wrappings would kill them. They should be planted in rows with the dirt packed around the roots, only one tree in a place, that this way they would have a chance to grow.

Mr. Perkins said they had sold 1500 trees of the same lot to Mr. Williamson in Maryland, at the same time, and that they grew; he had seen them during the past season, and they were doing well.

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY.—The regular examination of the students of the Academy for the present term will begin on Wednesday next at one o'clock, P. M. and continue until Friday night. A general invitation is extended to parents and others who may be interested. The following is the order of the examination in each study:

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| 2 " | C Arithmetic and Family Science, |
| 3 " | Geometry and Vocal Music. |
| Thursday, A. M. | |
| 9 o'clock, | U. S. History and D Arithmetic, |
| 10 " | Greek. |
| 11 " | A Algebra and B Arithmetic. |
| P. M. | |
| 1 o'clock, | Algebra B Class, |
| 2 " | B Grammar and Geography, |
| 3 " | English History. |
| Friday, A. M. | |
| 9 o'clock, | Latin A Class, |
| 10 " | Arithmetic A Class, |
| 11 " | French and A Grammar Class. |
| P. M. | |

Written Discussion by the Composition Class. Examination of the Primary Scholars. Reading the standing of each scholar and distribution of cards.

REUNION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.—Rev. Dr. Patton gave to this congregation, on Sunday evening last, a very interesting account of the proceedings of the General Assemblies of the Old and New School Churches, at Pittsburgh, in the consummation of their union. The vote was almost unanimous, on both sides, a result as gratifying as it was unexpected, and the act of reunion was formally accomplished in the most cordial and enthusiastic manner. The number of persons present in the spacious Church, was computed at three thousand, while other thousands were unable to gain entrance. The proceedings throughout were of a deeply interesting and highly impressive character. Both Assemblies were dissolved, and Old School and New School gave place to one united and harmonious body, amid the heartiest rejoicings and congratulations of all who participated in or witnessed the interesting ceremonies. A more important or imposing event has rarely happened in the religious world.

TIMM HAYES OYSTERS.—Fresh fish and oysters from Timm Hayes river, by direct route from Easton, Md. Charley Adams caters to the tastes of our citizens by providing these delicacies for them, and taking them to their doors. It is a public benefit, and the business is a profitable one. The articles for the table, and Charley ought to be well patronized, so as to make it his interest to continue the trade. The rail road being open to Easton we can go through, and enjoy the fine fish and oysters of the Timm Hayes, as most as well as those who live upon the banks of that beautiful river. Just think of it! The fishy treasures which are to-day disappearing themselves in the waters which are the shores of Old Ferry Neck, Hopkins Neck, and other localities below Easton, are to-morrow or next day smoking upon our tables, nicely brown and crisp, sufficient to tempt the palate of an epicure, and all through the enterprise of Charley Adams. Citizens of Middletown, remember him, and encourage him.

FIRE.—The pile of wood on the Railroad, was discovered to be on fire, near the cattle pen, on Wednesday night last, about 10 o'clock. The wind was fresh from the north, and scattered the sparks so as to attract attention. The alarm was given, and a number of citizens were soon upon the spot. By moving a portion of the wood and throwing water upon it, the fire was soon extinguished. The timely discovery of the fire was most fortunate, for had it got fairly under way, it would have swept the steam pump building and water-tank, the depot, restaurant, platform, and everything that stood in its way. The fire is believed to have originated from the little engine which the wood is sawed for the use of the trains.

A NEW DEPOT AT MIDDLETOWN.—We are glad to be able to state authoritatively that a handsome Passenger Depot will be erected at Middletown on the Delaware Railroad, as early as possible next spring. It will be a handsome commodious brick building, with waiting rooms, &c. and with a dwelling house and restaurant attached. It will probably be the handsomest building of the kind on the road, and will cost eight or ten thousand dollars. Work on it will commence at the earliest opening of spring. We rejoice with our Middletown friends at the prospect.

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Bernard Curren, a drinking saloon keeper in Wilmington, has been held to bail in \$2000 for passing counterfeit checks.

The gas works in Smyrna, are advertised at Sheriff's sale.

MRS. OLIVE LOGAN IN MIDDLETOWN.—We have been requested to announce that Miss OLIVE LOGAN has been engaged to lecture in Middletown, on Thursday evening, the 16th of December, for the benefit of the Public School at this place. Due announcement of the subject of the lecture, terms of admission, &c. will be made hereafter. Miss Logan recently lectured in Wilmington and in Elkton. She is described by a contemporary of prepossessing personal appearance. She was attired in a handsome dress of black velvet, with an overcoat of black silk, and the latest style of Grecian dress. Her hair was becomingly arranged, and her hand was delicately small and shapely. Her manner was theatrical, thoughtful and her attitudes were more the result of practiced poses, than of that natural and unaffected grace. Her delivery was exceedingly good, rather demonstrative, and her voice, pronunciation and enunciation were given in that clear, sharp and ringing tone, which the stage teaches, as is not taught elsewhere. The lecture was generally well received, and having the Woman Suffrage topic, was well worth the time and money expended upon it.

INTERESTING SHAPES.—People love to be humbugged. Any gassy, brassy vender of lotions and notions who comes along, singing a song, and uttering the most ridiculous nonsense, will be passed in a fine and judicious way, and will buy his worthless compounds, represented to perform marvellous cures, and he will pocket their stamps and laugh in his sleeve at their gullibility. Thus, in the morning, a man might be seen to pass in a fine and judicious way, and will buy his worthless compounds, represented to perform marvellous cures, and he will pocket their stamps and laugh in his sleeve at their gullibility.

The immense business done by Rockhill & Wilson, enables them to say to gentlemen who live out of town, as well as those resident in the city, that they can sell clothes cheaper and better than any other house. Clothes for every occasion, of every material, made in the choicest styles, and at the lowest prices, at the Great Boston Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Hannah Fenimore, who resides in Delaware City, is said to be the oldest person in this State. On the 11th of next December she will be 108 years old. Mrs. Fenimore is a native of Germany, but came to this country when she was eight years of age, and has since lived in this country. The old lady is said to be remarkably active for one of her years, and is frequently seen on the street, making visits among her neighbors.

Robert C. Fraim, late Register of Wills for this county, has been appointed General Traveling Agent of the Delaware Mutual Life Insurance Co. for this State in place of George F. Turner. Mr. Fraim is an energetic competent man and we congratulate both him and the company on the appointment.

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The Winnipeg Territory Troubles.

There is a curious condition of affairs on the Red River of the North. For two hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company have held territorial rights and privileges over all the lands that poured water in Hudson's Bay or Hudson's Strait. This grant was subsequently extended through twenty-five degrees of longitude—from Davis' Strait to Mount St. Elias—and through twenty-five degrees of latitude—from the mouth of Mackenzie river to the borders of California. Throughout this immense region the Company was given the exclusive right to traffic, but the right was contested by the Northwest Company of Montreal, which was organized in 1783, and it was not until after a stubborn competition, many conflicts between parties of trappers belonging to the two Companies, and much bloodshed, that the two Companies were amalgamated in 1821, and, thus united, exercised supreme rule from Labrador to the Pacific, till the formation of the colony of British Columbia.

Nearly forty years ago Lord Selkirk obtained a grant of forty thousand acres of land from the Hudson's Bay Company, and established thereon at the southern end of Lake Winnipeg a colony of Scotchmen. The offspring of these Scotch settlers, together with the French Canadians and half breeds who clustered about the trading posts of the Company, now constitute what is popularly known as the Red River settlement. These hardy colonists inhabiting both sides of the Red river, of the North, and the Southern shore of Lake Winnipeg, now number in all some ten or twelve thousand souls. They are trappers, fishermen, traders and agriculturists. They have lived for more than fifty years the free life of the plains and forests. They have recognized no authority but the Government of the Crown, and have been accustomed to the exception of the Governor, who, of the recent years, has been appointed by the Crown—were those who held commissions from the Hudson's Bay Company. They have been free from taxes and imposts of all kinds, except such as were covered up in the price of the commodities they bought. Separated by many rivers and long portages from Western Canada—the distance from Fort Garry to Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, being over five hundred miles, and to Ottawa, the nearest city of any importance in Canada, some fourteen hundred miles—they have had but little communication and less sympathy with the Canadians, and have found of late years their nearest market for peltries at St. Paul, Minnesota, some five or six hundred miles south, across the plains, with steamboat navigation from Crow Wing, on the Upper Mississippi.

A few months ago the proprietary rights of the Hudson's Bay Company were transferred, by purchase, to the British Government, and the region in question has since been incorporated with the new Dominion of Canada, under the title of the Territory of Winnipeg. As the wishes of the settlers were not consulted in the matter, they strenuously objected to being brought under Canadian jurisdiction, and they have taken up arms to defend their rights. They desire to continue in their old condition, as an independent British Colony, subject only to such rules and regulations as they may make for themselves, under the sanction of a Governor appointed by the Crown. But they refuse to become a mere appendage to Canada, to be put under the jurisdiction of Canadian officials, to be taxed by a Canadian Parliament, to render obedience to Canadian laws. They want neither courts nor judges, unless of their own making and of a kind to which they have been accustomed. It thus happened that Mr. McDougall, who has been made Governor of the new Territory of Winnipeg found on his arrival at Fort Garry, no less than five hundred men in arms, with the avowed determination of expelling him from the Territory. Little dreaming of resistance, he had left Canada with his family only and the staff which composed his escort.

The only persons who rallied to his support were the old Hudson's Bay officials and a few Scotch and English settlers; but they were too few in number to cope with the French Canadians and half breeds, who constituted the main body of the insurgents. An officer sent forward to parley with them was seized and held a prisoner. McDougall and his followers were beleaguered in the fort. Finding his position untenable, McDougall placed himself in the hands of the malcontents and was escorted by them across the United States frontier. At the last advice he was at Pembina, in Dakota Territory, from whence he had called upon the Canadian Government for troops to support him in asserting his authority. It is quite probable, however, that an attempt will be made to adjust matters, by the recall of McDougall and the appointment of a more popular man. McDougall is obnoxious to the settlers, and especially to the Indians and Half Breed population, from the course he had previously taken in supporting a proposition to divest the former of a portion of the lands which had been set apart for their exclusive use. But the objections of the main body of the settlers lie deeper than this. They do not want to belong to the Dominion of Canada. They prefer to live as an independent colony, subject to no other authority than that of the Crown. To this end they have organized a Provisional Government, and demand to be recognized as a separate and distinct dependency, similar to that of British Columbia. It is not probable that this demand will be conceded; but, for the present, they are free to do as they will, as winter has already set in throughout all that bleak region, and it would be difficult to transport troops and supplies to so remote a territory until the opening of spring.

INTERESTING DECISION.—A case tried and decided in the Circuit Court for Talbot county, Md. last week, settled the law adversely to the right of fox hunters to cross the farms of land owners without permission. The law was tested in a suit for trespass. The jury awarded the plaintiff one cent damages and costs. This decision, says the Eastern Star, explodes the old idea that sportsmen may follow their hounds anywhere after a fox.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

When the festivities incident to the opening of the Suez Canal are over, it is rumored the unsettled contest will be renewed between the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt. Each day the latter case, postulated the matter is so much stronger in his position. France can more easily rule the Viceroy than the Sultan, and will, therefore, prop the pretensions of the former. The roar of hostile cannon may yet be heard on the banks of the newly opened Canal.

Mr. Richard Bowden shot himself accidentally, through the abdomen, while hunting in the woods near his home, in Prince George county, Va., on Monday. Unable to move from the place where he fell, he wrote a note and pinned it to the neck of one of his dogs, which carried it to Mr. Bowden's brother, who instantly went to the young man's relief. All was done that skill and affection could suggest, but death put a speedy end to his sufferings.

Near Tiptonville, Tenn., on Sunday night, a party of masked "regulators" proceeded to a planter's house with intention of disarming his negro laborers, but the latter received them with a volley, killing two of the maskers. Subsequently five of the negroes were arrested, and while on their way to jail were attacked and five of them were shot down.

Mr. Peabody, twenty-five years ago, offered his hand, heart, and fortune to an American lady, then visiting London. They were accepted. Subsequently Mr. Peabody learned that the lady was already engaged when she accepted the new suit, and rebuking her lack of sincerity, he summarily broke the contract.

An attempt was made early Monday morning to blow up the County Jail at Hudson City, N. J. The explosion shook surrounding buildings, broke windows, and made a crack nine feet long in one wall of the prison. Two burglars confined in the jail are suspected of the attempt.

In Fremont County, Iowa, a few days since, a vigilance committee hanged a notorious character named Sam. Murdoch, on the charge of having murdered Henry Johnson. Since the lynching Johnson has turned up alive, and the vigilantes are threatened with a trial.

The reported offer of Gen. Jordan to surrender to the Spanish forces some time ago is confirmed, his object, as stated, being to escape with his fellow-Americans, who were always forced in front in every fight, from the almost certain annihilation which awaited them.

The Boylston National Bank, at Boston, Mass., was robbed, on Sunday night, of deposits amounting to four or five hundred thousand dollars, the property of twenty-five or thirty individuals. The funds of the Bank, which were in an inner vault, were not touched.

The President has issued a proclamation abolishing the discriminating duties on merchandise imported in French vessels, the discriminating duties on vessels of the United States having been abolished by the French Government.

British Columbia petitions for incorporation with the United States. The annexation of this territory would give us possession of the Pacific coast line from Lower California to Hebrides Straits.

The abstract of the condition of the National Banks of the United States on October 9, shows resources and liabilities amounting to \$1,497,226,604. The specie held amounted to \$23,002,406; three per cents \$45,845,000, and legal tenders \$83,719,295.

A Richmond, Va. despatch announces that arrangements were closed in New York, on Monday, with several prominent capitalists for the immediate completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

There is a report from Lexington, Ky. that while funeral services were taking place in a colored church there, on Sunday, the floor gave way, killing five or six persons and injuring fifty.

Four persons have been arrested in Brooklyn, N. Y. on the charge of forging a will to prevent a young lady named Borne from inheriting \$100,000 worth of property.

Governor Greney has signed the death warrants of Dr. Schopppe, the poisoner of Miss Steinecke, and Adam Titus, the murderer of Henry Stahm, in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania.

A young man named Barnett was publicly excommunicated from the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, in St. Louis, on Sunday, for stealing from the collections.

A Spanish war vessel, the Pizarro, which arrived at New York, on Saturday, is believed to have brought enough sailors to man the new fleet of Spanish gunboats.

There are 200 lines of telegraph converging at New York, and 75 telegraph offices scattered over the city, giving employment to 250 operators.

Washington despatches state that the Cuban cause is declining and that the insurgents are now not in possession of a single town.

There was a heavy decline in Soran coal at New York, Wednesday, ranging from \$1 all the way to \$2.50 per ton, according to quality.

The Macon Telegraph says that lands in Georgia have advanced, an average, not much short of 80 per cent in the last two years.

Conrad Meier, under sentence for murder, escaped from jail, at Toledo, Ohio, on Tuesday night, and \$500 is offered for his arrest.

Gen. Fremont and Mrs. Fremont, and Mr. and Mrs. McTavish and family, arrived at New York on Tuesday, from Europe.

The freedmen's schools in Tennessee have eighty-two teachers and 16,000 pupils. Twenty-seven of the teachers are colored.

The Secretary of War has ordered the discontinuance of the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge.

Alaska advances report the discovery of gold in that Territory, and the election of General Ibric as delegate to Congress.

Six young lions, three males and three females, have just been placed in Central Park, New York.

The Farmer.

A Good Farm Makes Good Stock.

Some one has said "the character of the stock on a farm depends essentially upon the cultivation and condition of the soil." Grass is not only the natural food but the best food for stock. The better the grass, the more nourishment does it contain. When grass is coarse and sour and full of weeds, a great deal of it must be consumed to obtain a little nutriment. The animal must go through the labor of digesting a large bulk to gain a small result; whereas if the grass is sweet and free from all foreign admixtures, the nourishment is concentrated, and a small quantity of it contains more nutriment than can be extracted from a large amount of bushes and weeds.

The success of the breeders of good stock generally depends upon the quality of the grass upon the farm, quite as much as upon blood and skill. A gentleman purchased a fine cow, remarkable for the quantity and quality of her milk, and took her to his home, where she soon fell off in the quantity of her product. When he complained that she did not sustain her reputation, her former owner replied, "When I sold you my cow, I did not sell you my pastures."

When we read in the papers accounts of the sale to the butchers of fine three-year-old steers, or two-year-old heifers, at a high price, we consider it evidence not only of good blood, possessing early fattening qualities, but also of good soil, well cultivated. The Johnsons, the Lathrops, the Chenerys and Morrisons, and other celebrated breeders, all raise good hay, on a clean soil, and cut it and put it into their barns while it still retains the qualities of grass.

Fifteen or twenty pounds of butter a week, not only prove the superior character of a cow, but also that she is kept on a good soil, well cultivated. For we hold it impossible to bring a cow up to the condition in which she will yield such an amount by any other means.

Grain may be given for a short time to finish off a fattening animal, but it will not secure the necessary conditions of health and growth. These can be obtained only by good grass and hay. So when a cow has been brought up to the condition in which she will yield a large quantity of butter by good grass and hay, the quantity may be increased by grain and oil meal for a short time, but this forcing process cannot be continued with safety.

Farmers have a lesson to learn in these respects. Experience and observation are the best teachers.

If a farmer wishes to keep or breed first-rate stock he must begin by putting his pastures and mowing fields in first-rate condition. It is a waste of capital to buy expensive animals and undertake to keep them upon poor pastures or poor hay. To attempt to make up the difference by feeding upon grain will take off all the profit, and the animals will inevitably deteriorate. There is no food that can be profitably substituted, in the long run, for grass and hay. Feeding upon large quantities of coarse food will injure their forms and change their characters. Feeding largely upon grain and concentrated food will injure their health and capacity for breeding. Milch cows fed chiefly upon good grass and hay will often do good service till they are twelve or sixteen years old. The cows in the city stables rarely last through the second year, fed as they are upon brewers' grain and distillery-house slop.

A well-drained, well-worked soil will make good hay, and no other soil will do it. Until, then, the soil is in this condition, the best results, either in dairy productions or in beef, cannot be reached.—New England Farmer.

SPIDER FARMS.

If the silkworm disease should assume a serious phase, would it or would it not be worth while to try what could be done towards rearing spiders for their fibrous product? Spider's silk is a wonderful and beautiful material: when woven it gives a fabric that is described as spun gold; and its strength is prodigious. An inch bar will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons, while it is computed that a cable of spider thread one inch in diameter would carry 74 tons. A spider can yield 150 yards of silk at a spinning—half the length given by a silk worm. But the worm only gives its quantum once, whereas the spider will repeat its yield at intervals of two or three days for a month or more. When allowances are made for the difference of thickness and weight of the two threads it is reckoned by an American naturalist, whose facts I am quoting—that a spider silk dress would cost two and a quarter times as much as one of worm silk. This is according to American prices for ordinary silk, and these are high compared to ours. The drawback is that the spider does not wind its thread; the insect has to be impaled, and the delicate filament reeled from it. However, this does not appear to be at all a difficult operation, only several threads have to be drawn and wound together, as one alone will not stand the strain.

The spiders can be bred in vast numbers if proper precautions are taken to prevent the old females eating their consorts, and the young ones devouring one another—two unpleasant habits peculiar to arachnid families. One cocoon will contain from five hundred to a thousand eggs, all of which will hatch; the insects are reared on wire frames and fed on drops of blood, crushed flies, bugs, or any other insects. The rearing frames are stood in trays of water to prevent the spiders straying. Perhaps some country gentleman in want of a novel occupation will set up a spider farm, and give his experience to the world. He might come to be monumented as a benefactor to mankind.—English Paper.

To BELIEVE ASTHMA.—Soak some blotting paper in a strong solution of saltpetre, dry it, take a piece about the size of your hand, and on going to bed light it, and lay it on a plate in your bed room. By so doing, persons afflicted with the asthma will find that they can sleep almost as well as when in health.

Delaware Rail Road Line

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after MONDAY, July 12th, 1869, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice.

ALL TRAINS SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

NORTH.

Leave Crisfield,	7 00 A. M.
" Marion,	7 40
" Kingston,	8 05
" Westover,	8 30
" Prin. Anne,	9 10
" Eden,	9 40
" Forktown,	10 00
" Salisbury,	10 30
" Delmar,	10 45
" Laurel,	11 05
" Seaford,	11 30
" Bridgeville,	11 50
" Greenwood,	12 00 P. M.
" Farmington,	12 15 P. M.
" Harrington,	7 00 A. M.
" Felton,	7 15
" Plymouth,	7 20
" New Castle,	7 20
" Wil. Grove,	7 25
" Camden,	7 35
" Dover,	7 50
" Moorhead,	8 05
" Bedford,	8 10
" Smyrna,	8 05
" Clayton,	8 20
" Sussex R.R.,	8 25
" Blackbird,	8 35
" Townsend,	8 40
" Middletown,	9 00
" Pleasant,"	9 10
" Farmington,"	9 25
" Bear,"	9 35
" New Castle,"	9 55
Arrive Wilm.,	10 15
" Phila'da,"	11 45 A. M.
" Baltimore,"	1 15 P. M.

SOUTH.

Leave Phila'da,	8 30 A. M.
" Baltimore,"	7 25
" Wilm.,	10 10
" New Castle,"	10 20
" Bear,"	10 50
" St. Georges,"	11 00
" Mt. Pleasant,"	11 15
" Middletown,"	11 35
" Townsend,"	11 45
" Blackbird,"	11 50
" Sussex R.R.,"	12 00 M.
" Clayton,"	12 05 P. M.
" Farmington,"	12 10
" Moorhead,"	12 15
" Dover,"	12 20
" Camden,"	12 30
" Wil. Grove,"	1 05
" New Castle,"	1 10
" Plymouth,"	1 10
" Harrington,"	1 10
" Farmington,"	1 15
" Greenwood,"	2 05
" Bridgeville,"	2 15
" Seaford,"	2 35
" Laurel,"	2 55
" Delmar,"	3 10
" Salisbury,"	3 45
" Forktown,"	4 10
" Eden,"	4 30
" Prin. Anne,"	5 15
" Westover,"	5 40
" Kingston,"	6 00
" Marion,"	6 20
Arrive Crisfield,	6 45 P. M.

Freight Train with Passenger Car attached, will leave Stations named at the following Changed Hours, (subject to delays incident to freight business.) viz.—Going South, leave Wilmington about 3 00 A. M.; New Castle, 4 00; Middle-town, 4 10; Felton, 10 05; and be due at Harrington 10 30 A. M.; leave Harrington about 3 30 P. M.; Felton, 4 00; Camden, 5 05; Dover, 5 45; Moorhead, 6 10; Clayton, 6 20; Middletown, 6 45; New Castle, 10 30, and be due at Wilmington, about 11 00 P. M. This train will stop to take up Passengers only at Stations named, but will set down Passengers at any regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Har's Corner, State Road, Del. Junction and Newport.

NEW CASTLE TRAINS.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7 40 A. M.—Leave Philadelphia 11 45 A. M., and Wilmington 1 00 P. M. for New Castle.

SWYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11 45 A. M., New Castle, 8 40 A. M., and 2 10 P. M. to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.

E. Q. SEWALL, Superintendent Delaware R. R. April 18.

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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WM. H. HODGSON, PROPRIETOR. oct. 23—1m

PRINTERS CAN GET Types, Presses, & Printing Material GENERALLY, At greatly reduced prices from Vanderbaugh, Wells & Co. 110 Fulton St. and 16 & 18 Dutch St. N. Y.

MAKERS OF Wood Type, Eagle, California and other Economical Cabinets, Cases, Stands and Galleries. FACTORY, PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY N. B.—Young's excellent Copy-Holder and everything of recent production in his line. Oct. 9—3m

100 MEN AND BOYS WANTED! to sell the "MAGIC MIRROR." Sample and terms sent free by mail. Address with stamp, M. L. Byrne, 80 Cedar St. N. Y. P. O. Box 4,999. Oct. 9—2m

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Guarantee Capital \$100,000.00.

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THE Pioneer Mutual Company in adopting

Rates of Premiums based on American ex-

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Premiums lower than any other Mutual Com-

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the Policy-holders. There are no stockholders

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Premiums payable in one payment, in Five,

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ly, or quarterly. All payments required in Cash.

Dividends on the "Contribution Plan." It

will be observed that the reduction of rates is

equivalent to a *Dividend in Advance* of at least

thirty-three and one-third per cent.

The Loan feature is entirely original with this

company—for full explanation send for the com-

pany's publications.

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